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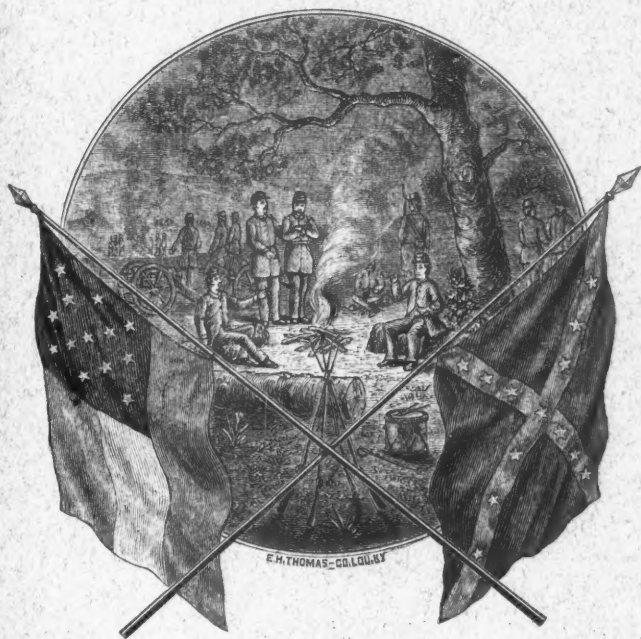
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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. II.

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THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The sudden and perhaps unexpected crossing of the Tennessee by Sherman's army, and its threatening appearance at the north end of Missionary Ridge, on the evening of the 24th, forced Bragg to abandon Lookout mountain. This was the vital point of the Confederate position, and Grant as usual made his combinations with reference to its assault, at the same time not forgetting other points.

He had made up his mind to give battle as soon as Sherman arrived, and everything was done to speed his coming. He knew that Knoxville was closely besieged by Longstreet, and that Burnside's army was starving, and that Bragg had sent off, the very day Sherman was expected, one of his divisions to help Longstreet. It was Grant's policy to fight; it was Bragg's to keep up a show of masterly inactivity till Knoxville fell. A delay of even a day might lose Knoxville, and bring Longstreet's veterans, flushed with victory, back to Missionary Ridge.

On the night of the 24th of November, nearly the whole of both armies were spectators of the combat, on the northern slope of

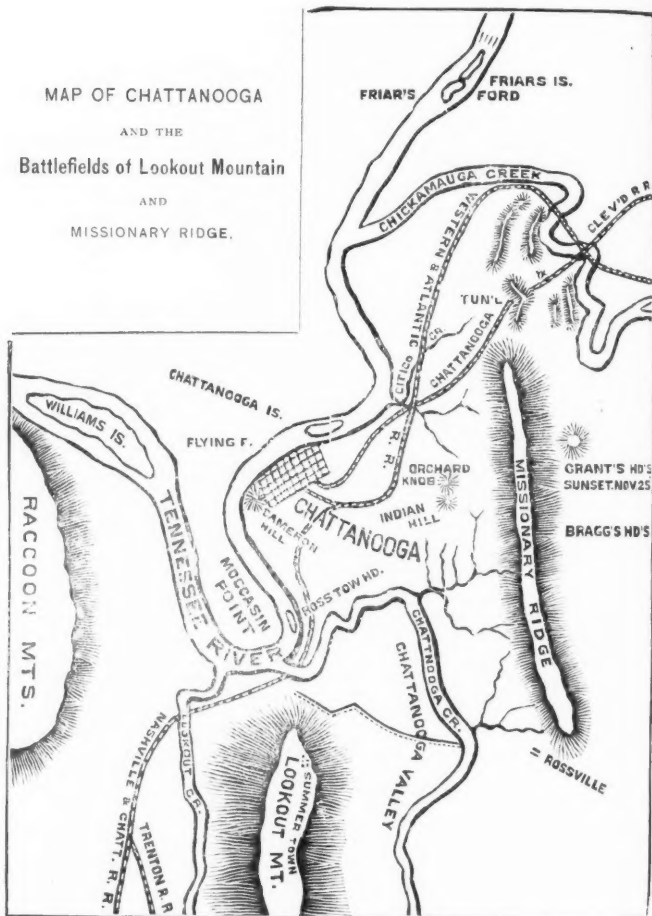
NOTE.—It has been impossible to lay hand upon a copy of General Bragg's official report of this battle. It is believed that it never was published, and will not be for some time.

In the absence of this, Bragg's motives had to be conjectured from statements made by a few eye-witnesses, from Federal official reports, and from the Confederate roster obtained from Federal archives. Bragg had in the battle seven divisions of infantry: Stuart's on the extreme left at Rossville; Hindman's and Breckinridge's at the left center under Breckinridge; and Cheatham's, Walker's, Stevenson's, and Cleburne's under Hardee on the right.

Grant attacked Bragg's left with three divisions: Geary's, Cruft's, and Osterhaus' under Hooker; his right with five divisions, G. Smith's, M. Smith's, Ewing's, Davis', and one other, supported by Howard's two divisions, Schurz and Steinweker; his center with six divisions, Wood's, Sheridan's, Johnson's, Baird's, Slocums, and William's, though the last was not under fire.

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MAP OF CHATTANOOGA
AND THE
Battlefields of Lookout Mountain
AND
MISSIONARY RIDGE.



Lookout mountain. The successive flashes of musketry, and the bright tracks of the bombs ending in bursts of flame might have been mistaken for a grand display of fire-works, had not the roar of conflict told of the struggle going on.

The Confederates contemplated with no little apprehension the possible loss of the lofty fortress that protected their left wing; and

the sight of a battle line on the northern slope, coupled with the knowledge that the enemy had already effected a lodgment there, excited the gloomiest forebodings. The Federals, elated with the news of Hooker's success, watched the contest with full assurance of victory. About ten o'clock, there was a lull in the firing, and only an occasional flash told that the issue was not yet decided, but that the exhausted antagonists were resting on their arms. The Federals lay down that night to dream of a mighty victory; the Confederates to rest in slumbers broken by premonitions of disaster.

Bragg could not make up his mind to retreat, though in the impending struggle he knew that he had but 28,000 men to contend with 70,000 of the enemy; and he was convinced that Grant would attack him on the morrow. The Chickamauga was swollen in his rear, and he feared that he could not get his men across it in time. There seems to have been a general impression that Bragg would retire before dawn. So confident of it was Cleburne, that when ordered to the right, he did not take his artillery with him. At nine o'clock P. M. he sent an officer to Hardee, to ask if they meant to give battle. That officer found Hardee at Bragg's headquarters, in council with him and Breckinridge. The answer of Hardee was, "Tell Cleburne we are to fight, that his division will undoubtedly be heavily attacked, and that he must do his very best."

During the night, Cheatham's and Stevenson's divisions were withdrawn from Lookout mountain and posted on the right. At broad daylight the next morning, from the pinnacle of the rock-walled fortress floated the stars and stripes. The Federals, as they gazed upon this evidence of victory, sent up cheer after cheer, and soon the mighty host of Grant was full of bustle and activity.

At sunrise on the 25th, Sherman moved up and assaulted the Confederate right at Tunnel Hill. By ten o'clock the conflict raged with fury, and line after line moved against Hardee's works. The Federals fought bravely, but all their efforts were in vain. Hooker with three divisions, was sent to attack Bragg's extreme left at Rossville. Here the single division of Stuart was soon dislodged. Some retreated across the ridge, while others retired up the ridge toward Bragg's center. Hooker, forming his command, having Osterhaus' division on the eastern, and Geary's on the western slope, and Croft's on the top, met with little opposition as he advanced. The Confederates kept up a running fight as they retreated, but failed to give a serious check to Hooker's columns. Whenever they would halt and resist, Osterhaus swinging around on their left and Geary on

their right, would deliver an enfilading fire that forced them back. It was like breasting the ocean tide—though its first onset be withstood, it surges by, leaving you overwhelmed with increasing masses. On came Hooker's columns, fighting little, but bearing the fortune of the day in their hands. Messenger after messenger reported that the enemy was coming on the flank. Many of the fugitives abandoning the field, fled up the ridge, and passing by men in the trenches, sowed the seeds of panic by their accounts of disaster.

About three o'clock, Grant, the man of destiny, stood on Orchard Knob, fronting Bragg's center, and with patient vigilance was waiting for the turn of fortune's wheel. The approach of Hooker was to be the signal for Thomas to storm the ridge, and with wistful gaze Grant watched the smoke of battle on his right. Hooker was not yet in sight, but Grant knew he was coming.

In the meantime, Sherman continued to hurl his masses against Hardee on Tunnel Hill. The most vigorous assaults, oft repeated, failed to make any impression upon his foe, but the attack still proceeded. Sherman's pertinacity excited the liveliest apprehension in Bragg, and more than once he weakened the center to strengthen his right. The most active lieutenant of Hardee in defending Tunnel Hill was General Cleburne, a soldier distinguished for personal daring and a genius which was always equal to the occasion. He was conspicuous in every battle in which he was engaged, and his name is associated with most of the glorious achievements of the army of Tennessee. He was not satisfied with merely repelling Sherman's charging masses. Impatient of the issue, he wished to pursue the repulsed foe.* "Seeing a column of men advancing up the hill, Cleburne placed himself at the head of the Texas brigade, and jumping the works, met and repulsed the charge, and returned with a number of prisoners and several stands of colors."

The success of Hardee was without fruit. At the very moment when his men sent up ringing cheers at the repulse of Sherman, an answering shout of triumph arose from the victorious columns of Thomas.

Grant saw that Bragg, appalled by the vigor of Sherman's attack, had weakened his center. Still he waited for Hooker. At last, fearing lest the golden opportunity might slip by, and knowing that Hooker was near, he gave the order to Thomas to storm the ridge.

Let us see now what troops were opposed to him, and what was

*"Cleburne at Missionary Ridge:" Southern Historical Papers, Vol. VIII.

the strength of the position Thomas was ordered to assail. Bragg had, in all, seven divisions; Grant had seventeen. The aggregate strength of the divisions was about the same. Bragg had four divisions and one brigade opposing Sherman—one division at Rossville, and two, under Breckinridge, holding the center. Thomas had six divisions, with Howard's two connecting his line with Sherman's. The crest held by Breckinridge was about three hundred yards distant from the rifle-pits at the base. The line of defense followed the winding edge of the hill. The works varied in strength according to the difficulty of approach, and were manned by a feeble line, not even shoulder to shoulder, and in some places at intervals; the rifle-pits at the base were held by a skirmish line.

The troops on the crest had watched all the day long, with eager gaze, the marshaling of the Army of the Cumberland. They saw the burnished steel of the hostile multitude glittering like a sea in the sunshine. They doubtless compared their own straggling line with the compact columns of the foe, and they knew that their left had been swept away by Hooker, the sound of whose guns was getting nearer and nearer; yet they relied upon the strength of their position, and began, probably, to think that no attempt would be made upon it.

At a given signal from Orchard Knob the Federal line advanced. Immediately, many batteries from their rear opened upon the works, and the crest blazed with responsive thunder. The storming columns, with an extended front of four divisions in double line, steadily moved forward. The sound of Hardee's and Sherman's guns was now drowned in the roar of a greater conflict. The rifle-pits at the base were soon taken, and covering themselves as best they could behind these the Federals halted. The breastworks here being low and slight, they were exposed to a plunging and enfilading fire, which made them restive. The following from General Hazen's official report (Wood's division), tells why and how the ascent was begun without waiting for orders:

"The musketry-fire from the crest was now telling severely upon us, and the crest presenting its concavity towards us, we were completely enfiladed by artillery from both flanks. * * The command had executed its orders, and to remain there till new ones could be sent would be destruction; to fall back would not only be so but would entail disgrace. * * Giving the men about five minutes to breathe, and receiving no orders I gave the word "Forward" which was eagerly obeyed. The forces of General Willitt on my left had

commenced somewhat in advance, and those of Major-General Sheridan on my right were a considerable distance in my rear. Lieutenant-Colonel Langdon, of the First Ohio, gaining a position where the conformation of the hill gave cover till within three yards of the crest, formed several hundred men there, checking the head for that purpose; then giving the command, the column broke over the crest, the enemy fleeing. These were the first men of the entire army on the hill, and my command moving up with a shout, their entire front was handsomely carried. The troops on my immediate left were still held in check, and those on my right not more than half way up the hill were being successfully held back. Hurrying my men to the right and left along the crest, I was enabled to take the enemy in flank and reverse, and by vigorously using the artillery captured there, I soon relieved my neighbors, and carried the crest within a few hundred yards of Bragg's headquarters; he, himself, escaping by flight, being at one time near my right, encouraging the troops that had checked Sheridan's left."

That there was a simultaneous advance of the storming columns, there is no doubt, but the report of General Hazen shows how the crest was first reached by his brigade, and the progress of the other commands thereby made less perilous. That the charge of his brigade, and especially that of the First Ohio, was a gallant one, is proved by their losses. During the rush up the hill the colors of the First Ohio were carried by six different men, three of whom were wounded and one was killed. The last man to seize them was Major Stafford, who succeeded to the command of the regiment, its brave commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Langdon, having fallen before the crest was reached.

This same brigade captured eighteen pieces of artillery, fully half of what was taken by Grant's whole army. It was composed of eight regiments from Ohio, four from Kentucky, and one from Indiana. The First Ohio was, two days before the battle, consolidated with the Twenty-third Kentucky, and so it was partly from Ohio and partly from Kentucky.

The success of the Federals in carrying the ridge is attributed by not a few to the cowardice of the men in front of Hazen's brigade. But the testimony of that officer refutes the slander. Even after he took the works in the way he describes, the Confederates refused to yield, but faced him on every side, and fought hard to recover the lost position. A Federal correspondent says that the Confederate dead were strewed along the trenches, and that he saw one officer

lying on his face, the sword still grasped in his hand. Let not ignorance nor calumny attain the memory of those who fell on either side. Most of the men in the trenches fought bravely till the summit was reached and they were exposed to a flank fire. They would have repelled the charge, had it been wanting in the steady valor displayed by the Federals. If any still doubt whether Breckinridge's two small divisions failed to do their duty, let him compare the losses suffered by Sherman, who fought four divisions of Confederates for seven hours on the right with that of Thomas, who was engaged not over two hours. Sherman's casualties, killed, wounded, and missing were 1,926 men; those of Thomas exceeded 3,000.

If Bragg be blamed for opposing Sherman and Howard with four divisions and one brigade, while he left one division to oppose Hooker's corps, and two only to man the crest against the seven divisions of the army of the Cumberland, under Thomas, it should be remembered that if he had done otherwise and the right had been carried, the disaster would have been irretrievable.

The following is an account from a member of Water's battery, which occupied a position on the line near the center of Hindman's division. Both Grant and Thomas, state in their reports that the Federals broke over the crest almost simultaneously at five points; but from General Hazen's report, which is confirmed by those of his regimental commanders, and from the following, it appears that the gap was first made by Hazen's brigade, a short distance to the left of Bragg's headquarters:

"Our battery moved back from the works at the base of the hill to the crest of the ridge, before daylight on the morning of the 25th, and we occupied a position about four hundred yards to the right of General Bragg's headquarters, our guns being deployed so as to cover a space of about one hundred yards. A skirmish line was left in the works at the foot of the hill, and we were supported by a single line of infantry in slight breast-works. I think they were Alabama troops. Late in the afternoon (about four o'clock), the enemy had formed, and when he advanced it was in five lines, the rear line moving at a charge bayonets, in order, I presume, to keep the front lines well up to the work. My gun had been run out on a spur of the ridge for better position. We opened on the enemy, first using shrapnell, cutting the fuse at five seconds, and the shells burst beautifully in front of the enemy's lines, doing good execution. As the lines advanced, we cut the fuse shorter, and finally at a half second, when the shells would burst in two hundred yards of the gun.

Before this, however, our skirmishers had fired one round and fallen back, and before the enemy had reached the works at the base of the hill, our infantry support fired two volleys without doing execution, and retreated in great disorder, thus leaving the artillery alone to fight it out.

"When the enemy got to the foot of the hill, they planted their colors on the deserted works, and after cheering loudly, advanced up the hill. We then commenced using single and finally double canister, cutting great gaps through the enemy's ranks at each successive discharge, but these would soon be closed up and the lines continued to steadily advance. At one time the enemy, in order to avoid our fire, commenced moving up a little ravine, and while massed in this we trained our gun down it with double discharges of canister, which created great slaughter and caused the Federals to scatter, but without checking the advance. The enemy was now keeping up a heavy fire, and the bullets commenced cutting the spokes of our gun carriage, and flattening against the piece. Once, at this critical moment, when Charlie Baker pulled the lanyard, the cap failed to explode, and, in the absence of pinchers, he seized the little tube between his teeth, and thus extracting it, inserted another, and the gun was discharged with but a moment's loss of time.

"We kept up the fire until the enemy was within thirty yards of our gun and had reached the top of the ridge to our left, and we were being subjected to a heavy enfilading fire. Our ammunition had then given out (we had emptied five chests), and the only thing left for us to do was to try and save the gun. We ran it back over the ridge by hand, and just before we reached the timber it struck a little stump which upset it. The horses were restive under the fire which came from the left, and while the rest of us were aiding the drivers in holding them, a muscular Irish soldier, by his unaided strength, succeeded in righting the gun, and we finally got it limbered; but the driver had hardly laid whip when the two rear horses were shot down. The other four horses were then quickly cut loose and were ridden out in safety, but the gun had to be left to fall into the hands of the enemy. The men of our section who had not been killed or wounded, then scattered, and it was every fellow for himself. Charlie Baker and I were together, but we had not gotten far when Charlie threw up his hands and fell back dead. He was a mere boy, but a braver lad never went soldiering. Of our section we saved four horses, but of the other sections of our battery, horses as well as guns were captured.

"I had but little opportunity to observe the general battle after our battery opened. Before the enemy advanced in our front, we saw heavy fighting going on to our right, up about the railroad tunnel. The five lines which advanced to the general assault, extended from the river above town around to 'Orchard Knob,' about in front of Bragg's headquarters, and from that point around to Look-out valley there were at least three lines.

"About the time our ammunition gave out and we were running our gun back over the hill to limber it up, I glanced down to our left, and near Bragg's headquarters I saw the cannoneers of a battery tumbling the guns down the hill on the Federals that were swarming up. I think this was Cobb's battery."

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The plateau upon which the Federal army was encamped furnished a position of very great defensive strength; Confederate and Federal writers who have written of the battle, concur in describing it as in effect a "natural fortification," quite difficult of assault. The ground which the Confederates had necessarily to cross before grappling with their enemy was broken and rugged. Ravines, caused by the drainage into the respective creeks, were frequent and not easy of passage, and, with the numerous dense thickets which covered the whole front of the position, and boggy nature of the soil at many points, afforded protection to those receiving, and presented arduous obstacles to the troops making the attack. That attack was received by the five divisions of General Grant's army, which fought on the first day of Shiloh, very nearly upon the line occupied by their outermost encampment, and not in the order in which they would have been arrayed had it been anticipated. The accident of position—even the disposition of the tents—the condition in which they were found, determined the character of their first formation, and at least one or two hot hours of battle had passed before they were reduced to any systematic tactical arrangement.

The locations selected for the encampment of the troops were so chosen, more with a view to convenience and comfort, apparently, than with regard to their tactical value. This was in no wise to be censured, for if a position had been definitely determined upon, whereon the army should be aligned at the first indication of danger, the precaution would have been sufficient. But the lack of such

method, and the peculiar disposition of the camps, not only separated by wide intervals but scattered very much at random, may be accepted as evidences that the Federal commanders at no time contemplated the probability of an attack, and deemed no provision for such a contingency necessary. General Sherman's division was stationed farthest from the river. Three of his brigades, commanded by Colonels McDowell, Buckland, and Hildebrand, occupied the exterior edge or western limit of the plateau. McDowell, guarding the bridge on the Purdy road over Owl creek, was somewhat retired, his front describing an obtuse angle with that of Buckland, who came next in the line, to the left. Upon Buckland's left was Hildebrand; the interval between their approximate flanks was a short distance in advance of Shiloh Church. Sherman's remaining brigade, commanded by Colonel Stuart, was posted on the extreme left of the field, guarding the ford over Lick creek. This brigade was fully a mile distant from Hildebrand's left flank, and was fronted south-east. The interval was filled by Prentiss' division, which was thus inserted, as it were, into Sherman's line, and constituted the center of the line of battle. The formation thus presented was extremely ragged and defective. A wide interval separated Prentiss from Hildebrand, the latter being considerably in advance, and partially masking the right flank of the former. Stuart, as has been said, was faced at right angles to the rest of the line, and was, moreover, too far in the rear to render prompt and adequate support to Prentiss against a sudden and energetic attack. Of course, these defects could all have been readily remedied, in the face of an enemy approaching cautiously and slowly, but the Confederate advance was as swift and headlong as an avalanche, and came with as little premonition. McClelland's division lay a half or three-quarters of a mile in the rear of Sherman's three brigades on the right; Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were fully two miles in the rear.

The division of General Lew. Wallace was at Crump's Landing, some miles north of the battle-ground, and, as has already been stated, took no part in the first day's fighting.

The question in connection with this battle which now seems to excite most interest and elicit most frequent discussion, is that of the surprise of the Federal army there, which has been very constantly alleged, was, at the time, and for many years after, spoken of as a fact conceded by every one on both sides, and was not, until of comparatively recent date, denied. General Sherman grows annually stronger in his conviction that the original and universal impres

sion on this head was erroneous, and at every successive army reunion waxes more indignant that any one shall charge, or even credit such a thing. Inasmuch as the General held the most advanced position, and was doing the outpost duty of the army—if any such duty can be said to have been done at all—and was the ranking officer of those immediately upon the ground, it may be that he feels that the responsibility for the surprise, if there was one, rests peculiarly upon him.

I have already ventured the opinion that the disposition of the troops encamped in front of Pittsburg Landing would have been altered, and the general formation been made more regular and compact, had a Confederate advance and attack been contemplated. Lew. Wallace would scarcely have been allowed to remain so far away with eight thousand men, if a feeling of security had not prevailed with those who controlled his movements. Indeed, when Cheatham assembled his division at Purdy to march it to Mickey's, where it rejoined the main body of the Confederate forces, Wallace so little suspected the true meaning of the movement that he believed it to be preliminary to an attack upon himself. Nor would the leading divisions of Buell's column have been delayed at Savannah if battle had been anticipated at Pittsburg. General Grant emphatically enough urged them to haste, on the morning of the 6th, when he was disturbed at breakfast by the roar of artillery at Shiloh.

If General Grant was ignorant of Johnston's forward and aggressive movement until the blow fell, it argues that his subordinates, nearer the front, were also ignorant of it, for any information procured by them would have instantly been forwarded to him. If General Grant knew Johnston was advancing and meant to give battle, how came he to be at Savannah on Saturday night, and not on the front, where, before and after this battle, he was accustomed to be, and where General Sherman, who, in this respect, practiced what he preached, says that a commander-in-chief should ever be when battle is imminent? Above all, it is inconceivable and inexplicable, if the Federal commander realized the danger, and actually expected attack, why a strong, continuous line of pickets was not thrown out, some hundreds of yards at least, beyond the ordinary camp-guards, and extended along the entire front of the army, not merely in front of Prentiss' division, a precaution that officer seems to have taken without suggestion from or conference with any other; and it is difficult to understand why a part of each division on the front was not made to bivouac on their arms during

the nights of the 4th and 5th, and held ready to support the pickets. Two corps of Johnston's army reached Mickey's on the 4th; the entire army was assembled there on the evening of the 5th, with strong picket lines well advanced. For two days, then, before the battle, the forest immediately in front of the Federal position, and less than four miles distant from Sherman's encampment, was thronged with the Confederate battalions.

The Confederate order of attack was arrayed on the afternoon of the 5th, and, speaking from a recollection of what I witnessed myself, I would say that the Confederate outpost videttes and the most advanced Federal sentinels were not more than a mile apart. Everything that transpired along the front and in the camps which we were able to observe, was a matter of constant and curious remark during those two days. If any recognition of our presence was obtained, it could be discovered by no sign, noted by no movement of preparation in that seemingly careless host. A general feeling of amazement pervaded the Confederate ranks at the apathy or ignorance of their adversary; and much of the impetuous confidence which characterized them on the morning of the battle was due to the indications which convinced them that they had surprised their foe.

It is true that so skillful and wary a captain as General Beauregard believed, on the night of the 5th, that the attempt to effect a surprise would fail, on account of the delay of twenty-four hours, which has been mentioned, and for that reason counseled an abandonment of the plan, and a return to Corinth. But he was of the opinion that our presence had been discovered by the enemy, simply because he could not conceive it *possible* that it could be concealed, when ordinary vigilance must have detected it.

General Sherman, in his Memoirs, page 229, says: "From about the 1st of April we were conscious that the rebel cavalry in our front were getting bolder and more saucy, and on Friday, the 4th of April, it dashed down and carried off one of our picket-guards, composed of an officer and seven men, posted a couple of miles out on the Corinth road. Colonel Buckland sent a company to its relief, then followed himself with a regiment, and fearing lest he might be worsted, I called out his whole brigade, and followed some four or five miles, when the cavalry in advance encountered artillery. * * * Thus far we had not positively detected the presence of infantry."

Now, it is very certain that General Sherman is mistaken in regard to the distance to which this reconnoissance was pushed, for if he had

"followed" four, not to say five miles, he would have gotten beyond Mickey's, and he would assuredly have "positively detected the presence of infantry," unless Hardee's corps and that portion of Bragg's, then there, had proven unsubstantial myths—something he did not find them, when two days after, *they* had *advanced* four miles.

In his report of this affair, written on the 5th, he states that he ordered Major Ricker, of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, to pursue the party which had made a dash on the pickets. "He rapidly advanced some two miles, and found them engaged, charged the enemy, and drove them along the Ridge road, till he met and received three discharges of artillery, when he very properly wheeled under cover and returned until he met me.

"As soon as I heard artillery I advanced with two regiments of infantry and took position, and remained until the scattered companies of infantry and cavalry returned. This was after night."

Now, it can scarcely be inferred from this language that Major Ricker, and certainly not that General Sherman, pressed out so far as "four or five miles." But in the same report, still speaking of this Confederate cavalry dash, and speculating as to its meaning, he says: "I infer that the enemy is in some considerable force at Pea Ridge; that yesterday morning they crossed a brigade of two regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and one battery of field artillery, to the ridge on which the Corinth road lies. They halted the infantry and artillery at a point about five miles in my front, sent a detachment to the lane of General Meaks, on the north side of Owl creek, and the cavalry down toward our camp."

It is impossible to deduce any other conclusion from this report, which, it must be remembered, was written and sent to General Grant's Adjutant-General on the day before the battle, than that General Sherman was in total ignorance of his enemy's important and threatening concentration at Mickey's—that he knew nothing of the Confederate masses immediately in his front, gradually pushing nearer as they were formed for the fight, and that he altogether misapprehended the significance of the "saucy" demonstrations which he describes.

General Sherman is credited with having said recently that the stories so frequent at the time of the battle, of men having been shot or bayoneted in their tents on the morning of the 6th, were utterly without foundation. He is mistaken. Very many such instances occurred. It was quite a common thing to see dead men, half clad, lying in tents perforated with bullets, and in some cases stretched at

the entrance, or entangled in the tent cords as if killed just as they were rushing out. If the Federal army at Shiloh was not as completely surprised as so large a body of men can ever be, then its commanders have a more serious charge to meet. If they were not taken unawares, how can they possibly explain the disadvantage at which they suffered themselves to be taken? What possible excuse can they offer for their careless array and evident want of preparation for immediate battle?

On the evening of the 5th, the Confederate army was, as has been already stated, arrayed in the order in which it was to commence the engagement, and the men slept that night on their arms and in line. The first line of battle, under Hardee, extended from Owl creek to Lick creek, having a front of a little more than three miles. Hardee's own command numbered 6,789 effectives, and Gladden's brigade, detached from Bragg, was added to his line, making its total effective strength 9,024. The second line was commanded by General Bragg. It was 10,731 strong, and was formed from three hundred to five hundred yards in the rear of the first line. The third line was composed of Polk's corps and the three brigades commanded by Breckinridge. Polk was massed in columns of brigades on the Bark road, about eight hundred yards in the rear of Bragg; Breckinridge was formed on his right. It was intended that Polk should support the two lines in his front, and take up the fighting when they began to weary or falter; Breckinridge was to be used as a reserve. Polk's corps was 9,136 strong; Breckinridge's reserve numbered 6,439. The Confederate army, therefore, stood in order of battle 35,320 men, infantry and artillery, to which 4,300 cavalry, watching its flanks, being added, foots up an aggregate strength of 39,630. It carried into action some fifty guns.

To meet the impact of this force, there were irregularly disposed about the ground from Pittsburg to Shiloh Church, according to the estimate herein previously made, some 41,000 men, with eighty-four guns.

I have already mentioned the fact that while Lick creek, on which rested the Confederate right, flows from the point where the first Confederate line was formed, with a very slight northerly inclination almost straight to the river, Owl creek bends abruptly to the northward. This should be borne in mind, because it had much to do with General Johnston's plan of attack and conduct of the battle. The *Compte de Paris* is of opinion that General Johnston should have massed his army on the Federal right, and turning that flank,

have driven it up the river into the angle between Lick creek and the river. It is a matter of astonishment that so intelligent and competent a military critic should entertain this view. By massing on the Federal left and pivoting on his own left flank, Johnston kept both his flanks well protected. Turning and driving back the left wing of his enemy, his right was guarded all the time by the vicinity of Lick creek, until, when he began to bear away from that stream, it was afforded the better protection of the river to which his right then approached. If, on the contrary, he had pivoted on his right and massed on the Federal right, his left wing, as it swung around in the execution of the movement which the *Compte de Paris* thinks he should have attempted, would have receded rapidly down Owl creek, very soon leaving a wide interval between his left and that stream, into which the troops, which General Johnston had every reason to believe were stationed nearest to Pittsburg Landing, might be poured, dangerously threatening his rear, and effectually checking the pocketing business suggested. W. H. L. Wallace's division, lying along the road to Crump's Landing, was, in fact, exactly in the position which would naturally and most certainly have brought him upon Johnston's left flank and rear had the latter attempted this maneuver.

BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE.

I may be pardoned for reproducing here a description of the beginning of the battle, which I wrote many years ago, when its picture was fresher in my memory, although its details, perhaps, not so familiar to me as now:

"The afternoon wore away, and no sign in the enemy's camps indicated that he had discovered our presence. The night fell, and the stern preparations for the morrow having been all completed, the army sank to rest. The forest was soon almost as still as before it had been tenanted with the hosts of war. But before the day broke the army was astir; the bugles sounded the reveille on all sides, and the long lines began to form. About five o'clock the first gun rang on the front—another and another succeeding, until the musketry grew into that crackling, labored sound which precedes the roar of real battle. The troops seemed excited to frenzy by the sound. It was the first fight in which the majority of them had ever been engaged, and they had as yet seen and suffered nothing to abate the ardor with which the high-spirited young fellows panted for battle. Every one who witnessed the marshaling of the Confederate army for attack, upon the morning of the 5th of April, must remember

more distinctly than anything else the glowing enthusiasm of the men, their buoyancy and spirited impatience to close with the enemy. As each regiment formed upon the ground where it had bivouacked, the voice of its commander might be heard as he spoke high words of encouragement to his men, and it would ring clear as he appealed to their regimental pride, and bade them think of the fame they might win. When the line began to advance, the wild cheers which arose made the woods stir as if with the rush of a mighty wind. Nowhere was there any thought of fear; everywhere were there evidences of impetuous and determined valor.

"For some distance the woods were open and clear of undergrowth, and the troops passed through, preserving their array with little difficulty; but as the point where the fight between the pickets had commenced was neared, the timber became dwarfed into scrubby brush, and at some places dense thickets impeded the advance. The ground, too, grew rugged and difficult of passage in unbroken line. The gray, clear morning was ere long enlivened by a radiant sunrise. As the great light burst in full splendor above the horizon, sending brilliancy over the scene, many a man thought of the great conqueror's augury, and pointed in exultation and hope to the 'sun of Shiloh.' Breckinridge's division went into the fight last, and, of course, saw and heard a great deal of it before becoming itself actively engaged. Not far off the fight soon grew earnest, as Hardee dashed resolutely on; the uneasy, broken rattle of the skirmishers gave way to the sustained volleys on the lines, and the artillery joined in the clamor, while away on the right the voice of the strife grew hoarser and angrier like the growl of some wounded monster, furious and at bay. Hardee's line carried all before it. At the first encampment it met not the semblance of a check. Following close and eager on the fleeing pickets, it burst upon the startled inmates as they emerged, half clad, from the tents, giving them no time to form, driving them in rapid panic, bayoneting the dilatory—on through the camps swept together, pursuers and pursued.

"But now the alarm was thoroughly given, the 'long roll' and the bugle were calling the Federals to arms; all through their thick encampments they were hastily forming. As Hardee, close upon the haunches of the foe he had first started, broke into another camp, a long line of steel and flame met him, staggering, and, for a little while, stopping his advance. But his gallant corps was as yet too fresh for an enemy not recovered from the enervating effects of surprise to hold it back long. For a while it writhed and surged before the stern

barrier suddenly erected in its path, and then, gathering itself together, dashed irresistibly forward. The enemy was beaten back, but the hardy Western men who filled his ranks (although raw and for the first time under fire) could not be forced to positive flight. They had once formed, and at this stage of the battle they could not be routed. Soon they turned for another stand, and the Confederates were at once upon them. Again they gave way, but strewed the path of their stubborn retreat with many a corpse in gray as well as in blue. At half-past seven the first line began to show signs of exhaustion, and its march over the rough ground, while struggling with the enemy, had thinned and impaired it. It was time for Bragg's corps to come to the relief, and that superb line now moved up in serried strength. The first sign of slackening, on the part of the Confederates, seemed to add vigor to the enemy's resistance; but, bravely as they fought, they never recovered from the stun of the surprise. Their half of the battle was out of joint at the beginning, and it was never gotten right during that day. They were making desperate efforts to retrieve their lost ground when Bragg's disciplined tornado burst upon them. The shock was met gallantly, but in vain. Another bloody grapple was followed by another retreat of the Federals, and again our line moved on."

General Johnston's plan of battle was to execute a grand wheel to the left with his entire army, his right rapidly advancing, his left more deliberately, and his heaviest blows delivered upon the Federal left and center. He thus hoped to overwhelm and completely drive back the Federal left, and eventually, by successive, heavy, and sustained attacks, batter their whole line to pieces, and driving the fragments to the river's edge, compel their surrender. Had the army been wheeled to the right, the danger of fatally exposing the left flank, already indicated, would have been incurred. If both flanks had been pressed forward abreast, and kept close to the respective creeks, the front of the army would have been so greatly extended that its capacity for formidable and continuous advance would have been greatly impaired; no sufficient number of troops could have been massed upon any given point to certainly destroy and break through all resistance, and its center would have been so weakened that a determined counter-attack might have pierced it, which would have resulted in complete and crushing defeat. In that event one-half would have been flung upon Owl creek, the other upon Lick creek, with the enemy separating them and in possession of the line of retreat. But not only were these dangers avoided by the character of

the movement adopted, but its tactical value became strikingly apparent in another respect. Owing to the peculiar disposition of Prentiss' division and Stuart's brigade and the gaps which the irregular Federal alignment disclosed, the three-line formation of the Confederates enabled them, while giving each other sustained support, to also take every Federal command successively in front and flank as they came swinging around from their right, and this was repeated until, under the fierce, bloody, continual assaults, the Federal army had become disintegrated and almost crumbled away, despite a resistance never surpassed in courage and firmness.

General Sherman, in his report of the battle, written April 10, says: "On Sunday morning, the 6th inst., the enemy drove our advance guard back on our main body, when I ordered under arms all my division, and sent word to General McClelland, asking him to support my left; to General Prentiss, giving him notice that the enemy was in our front in force, and to General Hurlbut, asking him to support General Prentiss." This, he says, was at 7 A. M. He goes on to say: "About 8 A. M. I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left front in the woods, beyond the small stream alluded to" (this was a small, marshy rivulet, just in front of his position), "and became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack on our whole camp." Yet he had sent word to Prentiss an hour earlier that the enemy was present in force. "The battle opened by the enemy's battery in the woods to our front throwing shells into our camp. Taylor's and Waterhouse's batteries promptly responded, and I then observed heavy battalions of infantry passing obliquely to the left, across the open field in Apler's front; also, other columns advancing directly upon my division. Our infantry and artillery opened along the whole line, and the battle became general. Other heavy masses of the enemy's forces kept passing across the field to our left and directing their course on General Prentiss." The battle in reality commenced at 5 A. M., and, singularly enough, was inaugurated by the Federals. Prentiss, still excited about that "cavalry dash" of the previous day, sent out early on Sunday morning, the 6th, the Twenty-first Missouri regiment, with instructions to reconnoiter and observe the Corinth road. Just at daybreak this regiment encountered Hardee's skirmishers advancing. It was, of course, instantly driven in, and was closely pursued. Pickets and guards recoiled with it, and certainly Hardee was in the first camps long before 7 A. M., while at 8 A. M., the hour at which General Sherman states that he first became con-

vinced that a general attack was intended, the battle had been wholly joined from wing to wing, and the entire field was one raging maelstrom of strife. The oblique movement of troops to the left, of which General Sherman speaks, was more apparent than real, and was in pursuance of the grand wheel of the Confederate army from its right, which brought it with such terrific impact upon the Federal left and center. While the right of Sherman's position escaped in great measure the oncoming Confederate rush, it descended on the unfortunate Hildebrand in all its energy, and in a comparatively short time his brigade, says General Sherman, had substantially disappeared. It is due to that gallant officer to say that he remained, however, bravely seconding the exertions of his chief; and it must also be said that if General Sherman's conduct previous to the battle in any wise invites criticism, his bearing after it opened was invulnerable to all reproach. The furious torrent of attack poured down like some mountain stream swollen by a sudden storm, and overflowing the lowlands. The rolling, ridgy flood, crusted with sheeny steel and preceded by a constant billow of fire, came roaring on like the plunging waves of an inundation. It overwhelmed Hildebrand, streamed into the interval between him and Prentiss, sapping the flanks of both, and leaped with full, crushing force on Prentiss' front, striking it fairly from end to end, and whirling, as the tide whirls, beyond and around its left. The "rebel yell" rose wild and high from ten thousand throats; a fiery confidence thrilled the heart of each man in the Confederate host, for with the quick instinct of American soldiers all perceived their advantage; the spirit of battle was upon them, and the nerve and ardor of that magnificent onset was matchless save by the marvelous pluck and undaunted resolution with which it was received.

THE ILL EFFECTS OF SURPRISE.

No courage, however, can overcome the ill effects of surprise or supply lack of tactical preparation. It was impossible that the hastily arrayed and ragged Federal line, although the ground on which it was posted was well adapted for defense, could long withstand an assault so skillfully ordered and energetically directed. Under the persistent, furious hammering it was getting, Prentiss' division ere-long began to shake; gaps opened here and there, and at length it reeled back, stunned and bleeding, to rally between the divisions of Hurlbut and Wallace, then advancing, at Sherman's request, to furnish support most sorely needed. Here Prentiss was re-enforced by two fresh regiments, and obtained a brief respite. Stuart's brigade,

which had been posted on the extreme Federal left, watching the forces of Lick creek, was aligned on Prentiss' left flank, about the time that he began falling back; this brigade re-enforced by another sent forward by Wallace, maintained itself for a short time, but was driven back until it formed on Hurlbut's left. In the meantime, three regiments were dispatched in hot haste to Sherman's aid, by McClernand, and deployed in the space whence Hildebrand's brigade had melted away. They arrived just in time to encounter the vigorous, electric dash of the two brigades under Hindman, which had already swept this part of the field as with the besom of destruction. Hindman's martial ire, but half expressed on Hildebrand, was turned instantly on those who took his place. While these three regiments were gallantly struggling with the foe which had assailed them in front, Shaver's brigade burst in on their left flank, and they, too, were forced to recede. Instantly there was a concentration of all the Confederate troops which had pressed into the long interval left vacant by the giving back of Prentiss on McClernand. Blow after blow, hard, quick, and stinging, was delivered him on front and flank as the successive Confederate lines hurled their battalions forward, and in his turn McClernand took ground to the rear.

While McDowell and Buckland's brigade of Sherman's division had not been fiercely assailed at the inception of the Confederate advance, they very soon received their full share of attention. The ground which they occupied, however, was perhaps, altogether the strongest position on the line. Every demonstration made against it was repulsed; artillery was used in vain against it; some of the best brigades of the army moved on it, only to be hurled back and strew the morass in its front with their dead. The Confederate loss at this point was frightful. At last, after having held the position from 7 or 7:30 A. M. until after 10 o'clock A. M., everything upon its right having been driven back, and the Confederate artillery having reached a point where the guns could play upon its rear, it was abandoned as no longer tenable. The tenacious defense of this position and the fact that, by massing on his own right, Gen. Johnston turned it when it proved impregnable to direct assault, ought to be of itself a sufficient explanation of the correctness of his plan of battle. Sherman falling back formed on McClernand's right, the same relative position he had previously held.

An entirely new line was now presented by the Federal forces, a mile, or nearly so, in rear of Shiloh Church. While one part of it was as formidable as the position so long successfully maintained by

Sherman, its general strength was perhaps greater. It was formed on a series of low wooded ridges with steep and difficult ravines in its front, and was shorter and more regular and compact than the first. In shape, it was an exceedingly obtuse angle. Stuart, still on the extreme left, closely approached the river, while Sherman's right rested near Owl creek. Here, after a short lull, the battle was renewed about half-past ten with, if possible, increased fury, and was waged with scarcely perceptible slackening for six hours. While the right and left wings were both gradually pushed back, the center, or apex of the angle which they formed, was immovable. One terrible spot is thus described by Colonel Johnston:

"This position of the Federals was occupied by Wallace's division and perhaps by the remains of Prentiss' and other commands. Here, behind a dense thicket on the crest of a hill, was posted a strong body of as hardy troops as ever fought, almost perfectly protected by the conformation of the ground and by logs and other rude and hastily-prepared defenses. To assail it an open field had to be passed, enfiladed by the fire of the batteries. It was nicknamed by the Confederates, by a very mild metaphor, 'The Hornets' Nest.' No figure of speech would be too strong to express the deadly peril of assault upon this natural fortress, whose inaccessible barriers blazed for six hours with sheets of flame, and whose infernal gates poured forth a murderous storm of shot and shell and musket fire which no living thing could quell or even withstand."

The apex held by Wallace and Hurlbut was recognized by General Johnston as the key, not only to that position, but to the final Federal resistance, and when he witnessed its determined maintenance he knew that the crisis of the battle had arrived. If he would destroy Grant that day, he must force that position long ere sunset. The only troops he had remaining which were at all fresh and had not yet been engaged were Breckinridge's reserves. The time had evidently come for their employment. They were ordered in, and one of the bloodiest of the bloody combats of that day ensued. Two ridges about two hundred yards apart were occupied by the respective combatants. Upon one the Federals, posted in two lines of battle, swept the other and all the intervening space with their fire; on the other, the bravest troops of the Confederate array stood for many minutes dropping under the murderous musketry, unwilling to retire and yet irresolute to advance. Breckinridge, Harris, and others of the boldest and best beloved of the Confederate leaders, exposed themselves with reckless daring, but no answering cheer and spring-

ing charge came as usual, at their bidding. It seemed as if all that had been won would be lost by this moment of hesitation.

JOHNSTON TAKES THE LEAD.

General Johnston realized that it was one of those moments when the commander must furnish an example of absolute indifference to death; when the General must give way to the soldier; when the thrilling, magnetic influence of the presence and personal leadership of the chief must be used to achieve victory. He rode slowly out in front of, and then down the line. He was a man of wonderfully majestic and imposing presence. His towering form caught all eyes at once, and his flashing glance and inspiring gesture could be neither misunderstood nor resisted. Instantly that hitherto hesitating line rushed forward and followed him with rapid feet. In vain the grim cannon sent their angry glut among them, and the withering infantry fire blazed in their faces. Their dead covered every step of the way, but they never paused or faltered. Right to the crest they went, wrested it from the foe, and that hard day's work was virtually done. The recoil of the Federals from this position was the signal for a general retreat along their whole line, and they fell back to the ground immediately about the landing, only desultory fighting occurring during this retrograde movement.

WHAT SAVED THE FEDERAL TROOPS.

It may be stated with little fear of contradiction that had the Confederate forces been gathered up for one more such concerted, sustained, and vigorous effort as any of those they had already made, General Grant's entire army would have succumbed under it and have been captured or utterly dispersed. The almost concurrent testimony of Federal writers, who have spoken of the condition of the army that evening, incontestably proves this. Had General Johnston survived, such another assault would certainly have been made. But just at the close of the decisive charge, which he led in person, he fell mortally wounded, and in a few minutes died. Let his son tell the disastrous incident: "As General Johnston, on horseback, sat there knowing that he had crushed in the arch which had so long resisted the pressure of his forces, and waiting until they should collect sufficiently to give the final stroke, he received a mortal wound. It came in the moment of victory and triumph, and from a flying foe. It smote him at the very instant when he felt the full conviction that the day was won."

I have intimated that the fighting after this date was not near so severe as previously; that the Confederate advance was unchecked, and every successive stand made by the Federals was less stubbornly maintained. One exception perhaps, must be made to this general remark, and a most important one. When it appeared that the army was about to be driven sheer back to the river, Wallace and Prentiss united the remnants of their respective commands for a last and heroic struggle to prevent it. They were at once pressed on all sides by assailants. Then Prentiss formed the gallant resolve to charge and drive back the attacking forces. But just at that moment an overwhelming rush swept Wallace's command away, killing that brave and devoted officer, and Prentiss, surrounded on all sides, was forced to surrender with more than 3,000 men. Of this division it has been said that it "had received the first blow in the morning and made the last organized resistance in the evening."

Prentiss surrendered about 5:00 P. M. The battle may be said to have then closed. The relics of the Federal army had placed themselves practically under the protection of the gunboats.

Had General Johnston lived long enough to gather his army together again for one more vigorous and sustained assault upon its enfeebled antagonist, the result can not be doubted. The relics of that gallant Federal array must have surrendered, or have been driven into the river surging in their rear.

But in the absence of the sagacious and resolute command which had conducted the battle, almost to the consummation of victory, the Confederate attacks were without concert and intelligent direction.

The history of the second day is well known. The Federal army re-enforced by nearly thirty thousand fresh troops, became in turn the assailant. The Confederate army having lost in killed and wounded more than one-third of its number, and worn down with the fatigues of the previous day, was in no condition to maintain its success. Nevertheless, more than a week elapsed before it gave up all the ground it had won on Sunday, and completed its retreat to Corinth.

We can not even now say whether Shiloh was lost or won; both sides have claimed, and, may, in some sense, claim a victory. But let that dispute be settled as it may, the fame of those who fought that field is immortal. The honor which is due the patriot and the glory for which the soldier dies, adorn like flowers on "decoration day," the graves of the heroes who sleep there.

[The above article was published some time ago in the Cincinnati

Gazette. But as it was never republished in Southern papers, and has been pronounced by many, one of the most eloquent and accurate accounts yet written of the battle of Shiloh, it is deemed worthy of being preserved in book form.—ED. BIVOUAC.]

MY LOVE AND I.

[We find the following lines from our old correspondent, "Asa Hartz," in the Richmond Whig, which journal, in introducing them, says: "Although cribbed, cabined, and confined, the irrepressible genius of Asa will assert itself. Witness the following lines, which were handed to us by a friend of the gifted author. They will be read with pleasure by Asa's thousands of admirers in the South-west, and, we trust, bring joy to the 'love-lit eye' of his ladye love."]

My love reposes in a rosewood frame—
 A "bunk" have I;
 A couch of feathery down fills up the same—
 Mine's straw, but dry;
 She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh—
 With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state—
 And so do I (?)
 The richest viands flank her silver plate—
 Coarse grub have I;
 Pure wine she sips at ease her thirst to slake—
 I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake.

My love has all the world at will to roam—
 Three acres I;
 She goes abroad or quiet sits at home—
 So can not I;
 Bright angels watch around her couch to-night—
 A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles now stretch between
 My love and I;
 To her this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,
 I waft a sigh
 And hope, with all my earnestness of soul,
 To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole.

There's hope ahead! We'll one day meet again,
 My love and I;
 We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then;
 Her love-lit eye
 Will all my many troubles then beguile,
 And keep this wayward reb from Johnson's Isle.

ASA HARTZ.

[Written for the BIVOUC.

FIRST CHRISTMAS IN LOUISVILLE.

One hundred and five years ago Christmas was for the first time celebrated at the Falls of the Ohio. When General Clark, in the spring of 1778, set out upon his expedition against the British garrisons in the Illinois territory, some twenty families assembling at Redstone for the purpose of emigrating to Kentucky, accompanied the soldiers from that place to the Falls. These families were landed on Corn island May 27, 1778, and became the founders of the city of Louisville. Cabins were erected for their habitation on the island, and they dwelt there until the news came of the conquest of the Illinois country, and orders were received from the victorious commander to prepare for moving to the main shore.

To secure the settlers against the attacks of hostile Indians on the main land, a fort was ordered to be erected on the high bank where Twelfth street now enters the river. The building of this fort was committed to the charge of Richard Chenoweth, and although the structure he erected had little claim to the name of fort, consisting, as it did, of rows of log cabins joined together around an inner court, it yet served the purposes for which it was intended, until a better one could be constructed. The settlers who had been cooped up on Corn island ever since their arrival were glad of the opportunity of enlarging their range, and although the fort was not finished at the close of 1778 it was in habitable condition, and some of the families spent their first Christmas in the new quarters. Glad of the opportunity of getting from the island to the main land, and pleased with the thought of the approaching holiday, which all had been wont to celebrate in the old homes from which they came, they decided to give their new quarters what they called a *house-warming* on Christmas-day. And as Chenoweth had been the builder of the new fort it was concluded to honor him with the conduct of the house-warming, or giving of the Christmas dinner and dance.

According to the custom of the times two things, a feast and a dance, were necessary to the proposed celebration of Christmas. It was easy enough to have the feast. Game was abundant in the woods, and expert marksmen were present to kill all the deer, and bears, and turkeys, and rabbits, and opossums that could be needed. The difficulty was the music for the dance. There was a negro named Cato at the fort who had a fiddle that had furnished music for the settlement during the summer and fall. But his crazy old instrument was

now reduced to one string, and Cato was not Ole Bull enough to saw music from it. He had tried to make strings of the hair of the horse's tail and of the sinews of the deer, but the former only gave a horrid screech when the bow scraped them, and the latter uttered no sound except a kind of hoarse moan, like the melancholy hoots of a dying night-owl. Every young heart, and old one, too, in the settlement, was sad at this condition of Cato's fiddle, but there appeared to be no help for it, and all had sorrowfully resolved to make the most of the feast, without the dance.

On Christmas eve, when the hunters had returned from the woods and the men were skinning the animals and the women picking the fowls for the morrow's feast, a small boat was rowed between the island and the main land, and made fast to a tree just opposite to the new fort. The boat was occupied by some traders on their way from Fort Pitt to Kaskaskia, and among them was a Frenchman, who, hearing of the help his king had determined to give the Americans in their struggle for independence, had left France for the purpose of making his fortune in the new world with his violin. The boat was in a leaky condition, and had been compelled to come to shore for repairs. Although anxiety to see the strangers had brought all the men, women, and children of the settlement to the boat, none of those who wanted so much to dance had thought of inquiring whether there was a fiddle or even fiddle-strings on board. Not so with Cato. So soon as he got the opportunity he made diligent search, and learned that a French musician was on board, and that he not only had his fiddle with him but had also an extra supply of strings. It was not long before Cato had bargained with the Frenchman for the three strings he needed and given as many raccoon skins therefor, with an extra skin on condition that nothing was to be said about it. Cato's scheme was to get his fiddle in order without any one at the fort knowing it, so that when the dinner was over and all were dying for a dance, he could surprise all with the much desired music. He, therefore, put the new strings on his fiddle, laid the instrument away, and waited for the time when his unexpected music was to make the boys and girls think him the greatest man in the world.

Friday, the 25th of December, 1778, came with a bright sun and a genial winter's air. Early that morning the pots were boiling and the ovens were baking the dishes that were to make the dinner. At the north-east corner of the fort, adjoining the cabin of Chenoweth and connected therewith by a door, was a large apartment, double the size of the rooms of the cabins, intended for a store-house. Here

forks were driven in the unboarded floor, and poles stretched through them, over which boards were laid for the dinner-table. By twelve o'clock the table was ready for the guests. There was no cloth upon it, and most of its furniture was made of wood. The meats were served in wooden trays, the hominy in wooden bowls, and the bread upon wooden plates. An occasional pewter spoon and horn-handled knife and tin cup enlivened the scene, but there were not enough of them for all the guests. If every article of food on the table had formed a separate course as in modern times, it might have been pronounced a swell repast. There was venison, and bear, and rabbit, and turkey, and raccoon, and buffalo meat, prepared in different ways. There was corn-bread in pone, in hoe-cake, and in batter-cake form; there was hominy, boiled and fried; there was milk and butter and home-made cheese. But the great dish of the occasion was an opossum baked whole. It hung by its tail on a stick of wood in the center of the table, and every one present had a piece of it.

The occupants of the boat that had landed the day before, had been invited to the feast. When the dinner was about over and the boys and girls and old folks too, had begun to sigh for want of the dance, the Frenchman was telling Miss Ann Tuell an anecdote in which something was said about an accident to his fiddle. At the mention of fiddle Miss Tuell gave a joyous shout, which brought everybody around her. Quick as lightning the Frenchman was pressed with questions, if he had a fiddle? When he answered in the affirmative, the fort rang with shouts of gladness. Monsieur was besought to get his fiddle and help to a dance. He tried to avoid it, but refusals were vain. The girls hugged him and kissed him and patted his face until he yielded.

While Monsieur was gone to the boat for his fiddle, the table was cleared from the large room, and all things put in order for the dance. Those who did not intend to participate in the dance, or rather had to attend to children too young to engage in it, were seated on stools around the walls, and the space between, which was a smooth dirt floor, left clear for the dancers. Cato was now the sad one of the fort. He began to think the Frenchman would carry off the honors of the day, and that his new fiddle-strings, bought at the cost of four raccoon skins, would not afford the joy nor bring him the pay he had expected. But there was no help for him, and he sullenly and sadly waited to see what might turn up.

The Frenchman was familiar with the fashionable music and dances of his native land, but utterly ignorant of what was suited to

the frontier settlements of this country. He was willing, however, to do his best for the enjoyment of the occasion, and the girls were delighted at the opportunity of learning something new and fashionable—

A bran new dance
Just come from France,—

as some of them rhymingly expressed it. When he returned from the boat with his fiddle he found the room ready, and the dancers on the floor impatient to begin. The names of the dances he tried to introduce have not come down to us, but the description which has been preserved in tradition indicates that they were the following:

First he tried what was known in those days as the *Branle*. He arranged the dancers in a circle around the room with hands joined, and showed them how to leap in circles and keep one another in constant motion. After giving, as he thought, sufficient instructions to insure success, he took his place at one side of the room, and began to play and direct the dance. But the dancers would not or could not follow his promptings. They got out of time and out of figure too, and some of the boys instead of leaping in circles showed their agility in leap frog over one another's heads. The Frenchman was disgusted and resolved to try another figure.

He advanced to the center, and after descanting upon the grace and beauty of the *minuet*, arranged the parties for that dance. He showed them how to make a long and graceful bow, how to balance, and how to glide forward. Then taking his position at the side of the room again, he began to play the minuet and direct the figure. But the dancers again either could not or would not obey orders. Instead of gliding they would hop across the floor, and when they came to the bow instead of drawing it out to a graceful length as indicated by the strain of music, they bobbed their heads up and down in quick succession, like geese dodging a shower of stones. Monsieur was again disgusted, but summoned enough of the courage of despair to make another effort.

He next introduced the *Pavane*, and explained that the principal merit of this dance consisted in strutting like peacocks. He instanced Margaret of Valois, and other distinguished French ladies who had made great fame in this dance by strutting like peacocks. When he had arranged them on the floor and showed them how to strut, he took his place and began the music. A scene soon followed that surpassed the two previous ones in ridiculousness. As the boys strutted by the girls, the girls laughed at them, and as the girls caught

their skirts with their hands on each side and strutted by the boys, the boys would imitate the peculiar cry of the peacock until the whole scene was confusion confounded. Monsieur was disgusted beyond endurance. Although he spoke very fair English when at himself, he now lost the entire use of that tongue, and in his rage and despair rattled away in French, like an empty wagon over a rough pavement. He planted his back against the wall after the first ebullition of passion had subsided, and there stood, with his fiddle under his arm and his bow in his hand, a grim, pale statue of despair.

Just at this juncture a charcoal face, with ivory teeth between thick lips grinning from ear to ear, was seen entering the room. It was Cato, the negro fiddler, whose music had given more pleasure at the Falls than all other things combined. In truth it may be doubted if the families could have been kept together on Corn island during the summer and fall of 1778, if Cato's fiddle had not been there to cheer them with its stirring tunes. Cato walked up to the Frenchman, and with the politeness of the Frenchman himself, asked if he might play while his honor rested. The Frenchman feeling like another of his countrymen when in a sad predicament, he wished, if he had his had, that he were in h——, gladly accepted the proposition of Cato, and told him to play on.

Cato began an old Virginia reel, and quick as thought the males were ranged along one side of the room and the females on the other, each having selected a partner in the twinkling of an eye. Down through the intervening space dashed the head couple, cutting all sorts of capers, interspersed with jigs, hoe-downs, shuffles, and pigeon-wings, until weary of their violent efforts, they took their stand at the foot of the circle. Then the next couple did likewise, the difference being only a little more so or a little less so, until the foot became the head again, and so on. No prompting was necessary. All understood what was to be done and did it. Everything was absolute enjoyment except the thought of how long a human being in Cato's position might hold out to make such music. Cato did hold out till midnight, when all were weary enough to go to bed and rest.

The Frenchman slowly awoke to an appreciation of his situation, and while the dance was in full blast made his way to his boat. The boat had reluctantly been delayed for this frolic and now that Monsieur was aboard again, it was soon pushed from shore making its way over the rapids toward its destination.

There was no newspaper printed at the Falls at that early date, but if there had been its next issue would doubtless have contained

the names of the persons at the dance, and given a description of the costumes; for, although the occasion presented nothing that would rank with the displays of modern fashion, everything there, was the best that the times and the locality could afford. The gentlemen appeared in buckskin hunting shirts, breeches, and moccasins, and the ladies in linsey gowns, with hands ungloved and feet covered by coarse brogans. Every man, woman, and child in the settlement was present, and the following ancestors of descendants yet dwelling among us may be mentioned as having joined in this first celebration of a Christmas holiday in Louisville:

Richard Chenoweth, his wife Hannah, and their four children, Mildred, Jane, James, and Thomas.

James Patten, his wife Mary, and their three daughters, Martha, Mary, and Peggy.

John McManus, his wife Mary, and their three sons, John, George, and James.

John Tuell, his wife Mary, and their three children, Ann, Winney, and Jesse.

William Faith, his wife Elizabeth, and their son John.

Jacob Reager, his wife Elizabeth, and their three children, Sarah, Maria, and Henry.

Edward Worthington was with General Clark in the Illinois campaign, but his wife Mary, his son Charles, and his two sisters, Ann and Elizabeth, were at the Falls.

James Graham was also with General Clark in the Illinois territory, but his wife, Mary, was in the fort at the Falls. John Donne was also with General Clark in the Illinois country, but it is believed that his wife, Mary, and their two sons, John and Charles, were at the Falls at this time. It has also been claimed that Isaac Kimbly and his wife, Mary, were among the first settlers at the Falls.

In addition to these, Captain Isaac Ruddle, James Sherlock, Alexander McIntyre, William Foster, Samuel Finley, Neahl Doherty, and Isaac McBride were detailed by General Clark from the Illinois expedition and left on Corn island to guard the military stores there deposited, and thus became parties to the first settlement of Louisville.

Such a number of men, women, and children just released from their narrow limits on Corn island, and ushered into new quarters on the main shore, where the boundless forest, full of game spread around them, would be likely to do full justice to their first Christmas dinner and dance; and tradition says they performed all that could have been expected of mortals at both eating and dancing. Their

descendants, at the distance of one hundred and five years, see many changes in the mode of celebrating Christmas, but nothing more hearty, abundant, and sincere.

In looking over this list of the pioneer mothers of our city none can fail to notice how many of them were named Mary. There was Mary Patten, Mary McManus, Mary Tuell, Mary Worthington, Mary Graham, Mary Donne, and Mary Kimbly—seven out of a total of ten. Although this name has been generally adopted in all ages and all lands it has been seldom found so often repeated in so small a circle. But who have been more worthy to bear so charming a name than the pioneer mothers of Louisville? In the mythology of the Greeks and Romans the sacred name of Mary was borne by the mother of the messenger of the gods; and in the Christian faith it stands as the canonized symbol of the mother of the Saviour of the world. The most renowned females of the earth have been proud to be called Mary, and the humblest peasants have deemed it dearer than all other names. There is music in its letters; there is sweetness in its sound; and it comes down to us from a shadowy past hallowed by such an array of memories as cluster around no other name. And as if the great and good, and beautiful and humble of all ages and all times were not enough to bear this name, it has left the world of reality and furnished heroines for fiction and song that sport in our memories like real beings. May the descendants of the seven Marys, wherever located in this wide world, and however distant in time, cease never to be proud of those who laid the foundation of Louisville and defended it, until others came to build it up into a great city.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

INFANTRY STAMPEDE.

The most thrilling of all scenes that occur during war is a stampede. I was never in but one, and that will last in memory during life, and come up occasionally as vivid as if it had occurred yesterday instead of twenty years ago. General Joseph E. Johnston had moved us silently out of Jackson, Mississippi. We had crossed Pearl river and were moving cautiously along a sand road, ever and anon being warned of the dangerous torpedoes, said to be planted for the benefit of the following enemy. The night was tolerably pleasant, though not very light; but walking in the sand had its effect, and we fain would have stretched our weary selves on the ground and slept soundly.

On the retreat, of a still night, you have noticed what an ominous sound the clicking of the bayonet in the scabbard and the canteen makes. All other noises are hushed, and faces that usually wrinkle with smiles are calm and serious. The song and jest are absent, and uncertainty takes possession of us. We have been frequently ordered to hold our left hand in such a position as to stop the rattling of side arms, etc.

Speaking of retreating, I can not realize how it was that the Confederate soldiers, who were so constantly engaged in retrograding, kept their spirits so well. But we had heroes to command us, and the hope that we were only "changing position" and would surely turn somehow or other and rend the foe, buoyed us up and preserved us from utter despair.

On this occasion, as on all similar ones, our company was blessed with several real heroes, such as Devil Dick and Wild Bill, and a few more. We were the rear company of the Fourth Kentucky infantry, and the boys of the forward companies had gradually fallen back until the road was full, listening to anecdotes and jokes of Bill and Dick spoken in very low tones. The good those two men did toward maintaining the morale of the Western army can never be estimated. Their merriment was always contagious and spread rapidly up and down the line.

We had marched till about the "dark part of day," when a halt was made, and we immediately threw ourselves on the soft sand to take a nap while resting. In one minute the entire brigade was asleep, except, probably, a few field officers at the head of the column. The Fourth led the command, with Company A in front. When the order came to move forward, Adjutant Williams mounted his horse. His animal was a little unsteady and moved about in the road, when he, or some one near him, said, "look out!" "look out!" there being danger that in the darkness some slumbering one might be trampled upon. Those sleeping near the spot sprang to their feet, and like lightning the silent alarm flew toward the rear. In an instant the road was deserted, and our comrades crashing through the woods on either side suddenly appeared to be the enemy surrounding us. Then all was still for a few moments. The writer of this made the foregoing observations from his perch on a fence about thirty yards from the road. How he got there the Lord only knows. He was astride the fence, and his heart was rapping and tugging away at his left side as if it would free itself. Over in the field several of the fleetest footed lay spread on the ground. It required a wonderful

amount of ingenuity to open communication between us. Each thought the other was the enemy. Finally, after what seemed to be an age, we renewed our acquaintance with one another, and then, in low whisperings, such as "what is it?" "where are they?" "what's the matter?" we resolved to recapture the road we had so ingloriously deserted. We called out now, giving our names and commands, and when those in the woods had made similar discoveries we took peaceable possession of the highway. Then the hearty laugh and tough stories that were told on each other served to keep us from the lethargy which had been so rudely disturbed. When we returned to the road we found Devil Dick sound asleep where he had first laid down. But we all affected to believe that he had slipped back ahead of us, and was only pretending slumber.

FRED JOYCE.

A CHRISTMAS TURKEY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

It was the 20th day of December, 1863, and a party of children were gathered around a fire in the spacious dining-room of an old Virginia country-house. There were many evidences of comfort within, but from the window could only be seen demolished ruins; in some places not even "one stone left upon another," while here and there stood a monumental chimney to mark the spot where the Christmas before the "yule log" had blazed, and happy little hearts had watched for the mysterious descent of Santa Claus, toy-laden and bountiful.

"I'm so sorry, we can't have any Christmas this year," said a little fellow of about six years, in a mournful voice.

"I'd like to know why we can't," said an older brother, "I am going to have some Christmas in spite of the Yankees."

"Yes," said the other, "but they won't let us shoot anything or fire any crackers, and what's more, we haven't got any to fire anyhow."

"Old Santy can't get 'thro the lines' to bring anything—mamma said so," spoke the first voice, whose earnest faith in the actual existence of the Christmas Deity, could not be shaken.

"Well, I know we *will* have some fire-crackers; I just bet you 'our men' will be here by that time, and they will capture all those old sutlers' stores, and won't we just have jolly fun."

At this favorable aspect of affairs, the children all pressed closely around Harry, the eldest, thoroughly impressed with his view of the

case. The mother of the little group, sat apart—her thoughts were far away from the scene around her. Though she gazed earnestly into the fire before her, she saw far beyond, even “beyond the lines.” A manly form clad in a war-worn suit of grey was the vision she conjured from the leaping blazes. First, she would see him as he cheered his men on the field of battle, then around the camp fire, and again the dear form would be lying in the hospital ward, racked with pain. But from this picture she turned with sickening fear to the hopeful little group who were yet discussing the possibility of Santa Claus not getting through the lines.

She smiled sadly as she felt that their fears were but too well grounded. No tidings had come from the loved ones for many days, and the nearness of their deliverers could only be conjectured.

Mrs. Mason was not one, however, to mourn over a bad state of affairs without making a desperate fight to improve them. Her children's conversation recalled her from her melancholy musings, and she set about contriving a way to get up some show of their usual Christmas dinner. She had providently secured some few delicacies from her former store with a view to this emergency—and they were even now safely reposing beneath a sly plank in the pantry floor, and now she bethought herself as to how she should secure a turkey to add to this stock. There was an “open sesame” which would at once have placed all these dainties, within easy reach, had she chosen to employ it.

In the town near by there was displayed in the sutler's windows every delicacy to tempt even a surfeited appetite, much less the hungry mouths which had not even been satisfied with commonest food for so long; but the terms upon which they were alone obtainable—a “permit” from the military authorities to buy—was only to be gotten by subscribing to the “iron-clad oath” which not even these hungry children would have taken to satisfy all their earnest longings. At any rate, Mrs. Mason made up her mind to do her best to make up for the absent Santa Claus; so calling Harry, her oldest boy, into her counsel, she consulted with him as to the possibility of securing the much coveted bird. The market wagons of the country people, from which those things were usually obtained, had been, in most instances, notified to keep their supplies for the government, who paid them liberally in promissory notes.

There was one old fellow, however, Mr. Winkler by name, who had been industriously “carrying water on both shoulders” for so long, that he was allowed to pass through the close cordon of pickets,

with only an occasional search, inasmuch as he always paid for his passage with some item of the Confederate movements, which he generally contrived to have of an agreeable nature, without much regard for its truthfulness. Harry Mason and himself had been on friendly terms for a good while, as he would often allow him to ride on his wood wagon to and from the town. It was during these rides that Harry thought he discovered that his real sympathies were with the "rebels," and when his mother asked his assistance in procuring the Christmas turkey, Mr. Winkler immediately rose up before Harry's mind, as the convenient medium.

So he was instructed to watch for Mr. Winkler's next advent along the deserted turnpike road. Mounting the lonely gate-post next morning, from which the gate had been torn to kindle a camp-fire, a few days before, he sat swinging his legs to keep himself warm and thinking what a great general he would be when he got to be a man, and how he would sweep all the Yankees off the face of the earth and not allow them to interfere with the boys' Christmases the way they were doing with his. Just then, Mr. Winkler's little wagon, drawn by a feeble symptom of a former horse (it was dangerous to drive any other kind unless you were *very loyal*, and not altogether safe then) appeared around a turn in the road.

Harry brought him to a halt and told him to drive in, that his mother wished to speak with him. Upon reaching the house, he gave furtive glances in every direction, out of his one three-cornered eye. In fact, I think Mr. Winkler saw more out of his one queer little eye than most of us do with two. The grave turkey question was discussed with bated breath. After considering the matter in all its aspects, the old man promised to deliver the turkey. "If you are willing to pay me in Virginia money, marm, you shall certainly have your turkey." "But how will you get by the pickets, Mr. Winkler?" said Harry.

"Leave that to me, my son; I'll fetch the load of wood, and you pay for it. That will be all right; the turkey will be thar. So, so."

This commonplace bird was rapidly assuming the value of a golden eagle in the eyes of Mrs. Mason, as the difficulties in the way made the possession of one that much more desirable. Sure enough, on the following morning the little old man turned his wagon in at Mrs. Mason's gate, and driving suspiciously near the kitchen door, he threw off his little load of crooked wood. Harry watched in vain for a sight of anything like a turkey, but several stragglers from the neighboring camp stood by watching closely, as if a masked

battery might be disclosed at any moment. At last only one big log remained, one end of which seemed hollow; as Mr. Winkler lifted this carefully from the wagon, he stole the opportunity to give Harry a three-cornered glance, which put him on the alert. As soon as the wagon had gone, Harry immediately began carrying the wood to an inner chamber, as the scarcity of fuel (inasmuch as most of the fencing and out-buildings had been devoted to that purpose) made it unsafe to leave any outside.

After getting it all safely housed, a search through the hollow log revealed the much coveted bird snugly tucked away. Everything seemed propitious at last, and Mrs. Mason concluded to devote the remaining day before Christmas to making cake, etc. The noble bird was brought from its hiding-place and hung to air in a small cherry-tree just outside the kitchen door. An old, superannuated negro, too feeble or too wise to take advantage of her emancipation, remained as sentinel to guard the turkey, while Mrs. Mason busied herself in preparation of the different dishes. In an unwary moment she went into the house which stood a short distance off from the kitchen. Presently she was recalled by the screams of "Aunt Winnie:"

"Miss Ermelia! oh, Miss Ermelia! dey's done stole de turkey! Run, honey, run, for de Lord's sake."

Upon hearing this "Miss Ermelia" did run.

By this time the bird had almost become sacred in her eyes. She arrived just in time to see one of the "conquering heroes" in blue rushing in the opposite direction with her turkey under his arm. Roused to a full sense of the dastardly act, she called her dog and gave chase. Whether from a sense of shame or fear I don't know, but the thief soon stopped, and upon Mrs. Mason threatening to make her ferocious-looking dog make mince-meat of him unless he delivered up the turkey, he quietly surrendered it.

It would not have taken a very skillful dentist, though, to discover that not a molar remained in the mouth of the noble-looking dog which had wrought such terror to the culprit, and from which cause the animal had been reduced to a slop-diet for some time; but his size and warlike appearance, to say nothing of the military title of "Major," to which he answered, must have done the work, and Mrs. Mason was rewarded for her heroic action by the recovery of the turkey. Just as she got back to the kitchen, however, she saw that another thief had entered from the opposite side, and was making off with a pan of hot cakes which he had taken from the oven. Poor, old Aunt Winnie was

wringing her hands and begging him to leave the cakes, but all to no purpose. Mrs. Mason, maddened beyond reason, sprang toward him, and, grabbing him by the collar of his coat, shook him till he dropped pan and all and ran.

Thus, through much tribulation, she at last succeeded in getting her precious dinner prepared. Early on the following morning, though no fire-crackers were heard, nor any of the usual Christmas sounds which generally ushered in the happy morn, our little friends bore the privation heroically, and when later in the day an unusual activity pervaded the surrounding camps, it soon became apparent that great uneasiness existed. The excitement grew greater as the day advanced; tents were struck and wagons hitched up, and soon a general stampede ensued. Amid it all, this Christmas dinner was forgotten. The distant booming of cannon told of the approach of the Confederates, and before two more hours had passed the oft-contested field was abandoned, and the victorious Confederates took possession, finding a rich harvest of Christmas gifts in the arms, ammunition, and accouterments which had been thrown away in the hurried flight.

And we dined on that turkey under Confederate colors after all.

RE.

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL HARDEE.

No officer was more beloved by the soldiers than General Hardee, yet, he was, at times, austere and given to sudden bursts of uncontrollable anger. Upon one occasion he was riding aboard a train, when the conductor fell into an altercation with a sick soldier. The latter had no ticket, but offered Confederate money in pay for his fare. The conductor refused to take it, and started to put the soldier off the train. General Hardee at once interfered, and gave the conductor a terrible mauling, saying, at the conclusion of his remarks, "I have beaten you for two reasons: First, for mistreating a sick soldier; second, for refusing to take Confederate money."

Upon another occasion, there was great haste necessary for unloading a wagon. He called upon a captain standing by to help with the unloading. The captain indignantly refused, and expressed astonishment, that an officer so well versed in the prerogatives of rank should make such a request. General Hardee replied by giving the dignified captain a terrible beating.

Youths' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

We sat still on our horses, watching the party coming down the hill, fearing that they would be followed by a troop of soldiers. However, they seemed to be the only ones in the road; so we cocked our pistols in order to be ready for them. They came along slowly, and seemed to have no idea that an enemy was near. It seemed to be an age before they got opposite to us, and I was so eager to make a dash on them, that my heart thumped loudly against my ribs. Finally they arrived in front of us, and the captain gave a yell and dashed out of the pines, followed by us. The other fellows got rather the start of me, as my horse was not used to the business, and hence, I could not start him soon enough; however, I followed close in the rear.

Just as the captain started, he fired a shot at one of the horsemen and he dropped to the ground. The other clapped spurs to his horse, and went down the road as fast as he could, and the driver of the wagon followed him with his horses at a gallop. Down the road we went after them, I keeping close in the rear, for it seemed that my horse was not fast enough to run past them.

Knowing that it was the duty of a good soldier to take care of his rear, I every now and then cast my eyes over my shoulder, to see whether any more Yankees were coming on behind. The coast was clear, however, and I galloped along. Presently, I came up to the wagon, which had been overtaken, and was now guarded by two of our party. I pulled up my horse, and thinking the driver might get away yet, I let fly at him with my pistol, but the motion of my horse disturbed my aim so much, that I shot Bob Johnson's horse in the belly. Down he dropped and came near falling on Bob's leg. Bob rolled out of the way, however, and jumping up, wanted to know "what in the devil I was shooting at him for?" I explained the matter to him, but he said there was no use in my shooting, as there was no chance whatever of the man's getting away. However, I thought it best to be on the safe side; so I cocked my pistol, and told the man I would blow his brains out if he tried to get away. The cowardly

fellow look scared to death, and said he had no idea of trying to get away. Just then the captain and the rest of our party came back with the other Yankee whom they had overtaken, as well as the horse of the Yankee that had been killed. The captain gave this horse at once to Bob, who was so unreasonably mad with me.

In the meantime, some of the fellows had ridden back to the dead Yankee, and had taken his pistol, pocket-book, spurs, and pocket-knife. We then set out across the fields, keeping the Yankee cavalryman, and making the driver drive his wagon along between the two squads into which the captain divided our party. Thinking that the Yankee rider might attempt to break away, I kept with the front squad which had him among them. Picking up our vidette (as they called him) on our way back, we traveled pretty fast for about an hour, and then took our way more slowly back to Hart's shop. Before we got there, however, we halted and paroled the two Yankees and let them loose, as the captain said they would be nothing but a bother to us. Before letting the driver go, we searched his pockets and found a small pistol, a silver watch, a pocket-book, and a knife. We took these away from him, as well as a pocket-book and knife from the cavalryman.

When we arrived at Hart's shop, we examined the wagon and found it filled with sutler's stores. We divided these and the greenbacks among ourselves, and drew lots for the three horses. At first they wanted to rule me out for shooting Bob's horse, but as I told them that if I hadn't scared the driver by shooting at him, he might have showed fight with the pistol which we found in his pocket, they finally agreed to let me share with them. Each of us got fifteen dollars in greenbacks and a lot of coffee, sugar, candy, cakes, etc. On drawing lots, Jim Simpson, John Gilling, and Tom Stone each got a horse and a pistol. One of the knives fell to my lot, and a con-founded good knife it is. It has in it a gimlet, a cork-screw, a pair of tweezers, and a thing to pull a stone out of a horse's hoof. We left the wagon at Hart's shop, to be sold to any neighbor who may want it. Jim and I set off for home as jolly as two pick-pockets. We got here late, got something to eat, and I am just going to bed.

January 16. I went down to breakfast' this morning as gay as a lark. It certainly is a pleasant thought that I am doing my duty to my country. I risked my life in her cause yesterday, and I don't regret it. We hurt our enemies somewhat. There will be found three men less when they call the roll for a fight. And the horses, pistols, and greenbacks we got will be that much less from what they

have for carrying on the war. The guerrillas certainly do a great deal of good, and I'll fight with them till the war closes.

I had Miss Sallie's ribbon flying from my button-hole when I went into the breakfast-room. I did not tell her that I had put it into my pocket when we went into the fight, for fear that she would not understand my motives for doing so. Women take such quick notions about things, and then it is hard to get them to change. Miss Sallie congratulated me on my safe return, and looked much pleased when she saw her ribbon still in my button-hole. I told her that I had been in a fight and the excitement was glorious. That I thought first of my country and then of her just as we made the charge. She thanked me and said she knew I would make a good soldier. Jim rather tried to get up a laugh at me for shooting Bob Johnson's horse, but when they heard that I had aimed at a Yankee, and that I was not a very good shot with a pistol, they thought I was very excusable. Miss Sallie said that she would practice shooting at a mark with me, so that I might learn how to drop a Yankee at a hundred yards. So, after breakfast, we went out in the yard and practiced all the morning. The mark was a piece of white paper fastened on a large oak tree. Just before dinner I fired a shot that struck the tree, and, as Miss Sallie said, it would have been a death-shot if it had struck a Yankee, for it would have hit him just between the eyes.

After dinner I took a ride with Miss Sallie. We guerrillas live just like citizens when we are not on a raid. The officers don't have anything to do with us, and the Yankees don't come after us often. So Miss Sallie and I rode about three miles and back, calling to see one of her lady friends on the way. She talked very sweetly to me. I'll be hanged if she ain't a nice girl, and I am going to bed and dream about her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TRUE RING.—Billy is an "Old Virginy" negro, proud of his State, and prouder of his manners. His silver locks show that he has reached, if not passed, the allotted term of three score and ten; but his form is still erect, and he tries hard to keep up his end of the log. "Well, Billy," said a gentleman, the other day, "you'll soon have to root with the hogs at the dump-pile for a living." "Nary time," said he, straightening up with indignation, "I come of too good a stock for that. My old master was a gentleman born and bred, and I can't go back on my *raising*."

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

TRAVELING THROUGH TENNESSEE.

Editor Bivouac: During August and September, 1862, I traversed the State of Tennessee, going southward from Clarksville.

It was not looked upon as a safe undertaking, and, consequently, I was advised to exercise great circumspection. Buell's army was retreating toward Kentucky along the very roads which were most convenient for me to travel. But worse than this, bushwhackers were plentiful and strangers could not possibly know whom to trust.

Under these circumstances, I endeavored to secure greater safety by employing as guides persons living in the country through which I passed. When one of these reached the limits of the territory he was engaged to pass me through, he would either deliver me to another guide or cautiously advise me to keep along the bank of some stream pointed out to me until I came to a certain carefully-described house; tell the people who I was, and remain until I was provided with another guide.

I made no mistakes, and was received by all those upon whom I was instructed to call with the utmost degree of kindness and hospitality.

While passing through one of the most dangerous places, under the charge of a quaint-looking old man, with a gaunt, tall frame, clad in loose-fitting homespun, we came suddenly to the bank of a small river. A narrow path led along the bank of the stream along which I followed in silence my silent, weird-looking guide. As we came opposite a rather deep-looking pool in the river, my guide checked his horse, and turning around in his saddle, began the following dialogue:

"Thar warn't but one Union man in this neighborhood when the State seceded, and he ain't here now."

"Joined the Union army?" I inquired.

"No; he didn't."

"Moved off North, then?"

"No; he didn't."

"Bushwhacking around here?"

"No; he ain't."

I now thought it was better policy to allow him to make the next suggestion, and remained silent. The old man, with imperturbable gravity, pointed to the middle of the stream and said:

"One day Bill Price was g'wine along here, and he seed some-

thing sticking up in this hole. He got a cunnoo and went out and catch hold of it, and it was Jones' foot. He pulled him up and found a big rock tied around his neck. So we all thought he must have drowned hisself."

"Oh, certainly," said I, "there can scarcely be a doubt in the matter; 'he must have drowned hisself.'"

My guide and I resumed our silent march through thick forests, and occasionally throwing down a fence and passing through a farm, until, when the shades of evening approached, he told me to keep up the creek he halted me at for half a mile, until a branch came in on the left, and to keep up that branch for a quarter of a mile and stop at a weather-boarded log-house. Then, without waiting to accept either pay or thanks, he disappeared in the forest.

I approached the house with unavoidable feelings of distrust, as I saw six or eight horses, all accoutered and ready for their riders, hitched around the yard. An old man came out and cross-questioned me for a few minutes, when he cordially invited me to get down and go into the house.

As I dismounted he called out, "Come along boys, he's all right."

Six or eight young men, all armed, came around the corner of the house, and approached to shake hands with me without the least reserve.

"The boys are just going out to reconnoiter," the old man said, "but you come in; you are welcome. We'll feed your horse and give you something to eat and a bed to sleep in. I see your horse is a valuable one. Don't be alarmed at any noises you may hear to-night; if they are Yankees, there will be some shooting before they get here, and I have a negro who will take all the horses into the woods as soon as the shooting begins, and I will see that you are safe."

I spent three days at this house, during which time it was reported that four or five Union soldiers had been killed within two miles of the place.

B.

A GAIN OF FIFTY PER CENT.—A soldier who can get off a laugh over the loss of a limb must be of pretty good stuff:

A poor soldier, who had lost one of his limbs in battle, was slowly walking on his crutches. A friend meeting him cried,

"I say, Jim, how is it that you went away with two legs and came back with three?"

"Oh, bedad, I made fifty per cent. on it!" was the reply.

THE BOY SOLDIERS.

In the winter of 1863-4, the confederacy being hard up "for troops," several companies of young boys were organized and formed into a regiment of reserves, and called Sixty-third Alabama regiment. Without arms in camp at Montevallo and Selma, the youthful soldiers acquired such accomplishments as card playing, petty marauding, etc., until ordered to Mobile where, being furnished new Enfield rifles, the members of Company H of the sixty-third began to shoulder arms, and to look forward with anxious anticipation to the time when they would meet the "invaders." That time soon came, for the company was ordered to Blakely, and the boys were delighted to hear the occasional discharge of a picket gun; but when General Maury asked General Gibson to place one of his best regiments at the post held by us, and when General Gibson replied, "These *boys* will hold this," every member of Company H felt himself swell into the dimensions of a man, large enough to tackle at least five Federals. The afternoon came and with it a right smart shower of balls, and the twin diseases, bomb ague and nostalgia, seemed about to take hold of Company H, but the brave boys soon threw off the feeling, and the company went forward to establish and fortify some picket posts. The gallant little fellows crept in front of the breast-works and abattis when suddenly was seen a group of a dozen Federal soldiers standing around a little fire in a ravine about sixty yards distant; here was the opportunity at last and the click of rifles all along the line was followed by the captain's whispered order "don't fire." A moment later a volley at short range was poured into Company H, a voice cried "Boys, I'm killed," the captain shouted "steady men," but Company H had broke for the rear, the captain succeeding in rallying but four men out of sixty. The remainder being killed, wounded, and "scared," the greater part being among the last.

The Sixty-third was captured with the garrison at Blakely a few days afterward, sent to Ship Island as prisoners of war, afterward to Vicksburg for exchange, and reached Meridian in time to be surrendered and paroled with the army of General Dick Taylor.

WHEN the secession of South Carolina was announced, a Baltimore school-girl, who detested geography, exclaimed: "Well, I'm glad South Carolina has seceded! I shan't have to *bound* it any more."

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

"WHY," asked a visitor at a convalescent camp, "are there so many deaths here?" "You see, sir," responded a soldier, "the government has laid out a big graveyard, and soldiers *always* avail themselves of all government allowances. That's why they die so fast."

JOB DISCOUNTED.—The Captain drew himself up and said, "Deacon, you are a good deal of a Bible man, and probably acquainted with old Job. Now, I don't say but what he had a pretty hard time, and that they spread the *boils* on him mighty thick; but still you see he never commanded a company of Illinois volunteers."

A NUMBER of North Carolina's Confederate dead were disinterred at Arlington last month. The military companies of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Virginia, took part in the ceremonies. Minute guns were fired from the time the boat came in sight until the remains were transferred to the cars; the flags of the two cities were at "half mast;" the bells were tolled and hundreds of ex-Confederate soldiers were in the line of procession as escorts. The floral offerings were profuse.

WHO KILLED TECUMSEH.—"Colonel Skinner, of Texas," who was going it on "a high figure" before the right kind of audience, has settled a long-disputed fact in history and "elevated" himself.

"Feller-citizens," said he, with a very knowing wink, "I was at the battle where Tecumsey was killed—I was! I commanded a regiment there—I did! I'm not gwine to say who *did* kill Tecumsey—I won't! But this much I will say: Tecumsey was killed by one of *my* pistols; and, gentlemen, I leave it to your knowledge of human nature if a man would be very *apt* to lend out his pistol on an occasion of that sort."

THE OLD STRAGGLER.—He was dressed in a suit of linsey brown. Around his shoulders were swung two canteens; from one gallows hung by a leather strap a half-pint bottle. In one hand he carried a frying-pan, while the other grasped a well-worn staff. "Any chance to get a bite to eat here to-day?" said he to me, as he entered the front gate. Well, I knew him by the cut of his jib—a regular professional, he was. While he was eating I said, "What do you have two canteens for?" "Well," he said, whining, "one is for water, you know;

then, sometimes the ladies gives us some milk. I use the other for that." "What is that bottle for?" "What, that? O, I carry molasses and sich like in that!" "Were you ever in a battle?" "Ah, no, sir!" said he; "it goes agin the grain, and I am sickly; always was." "How do you keep out?" "Well, I, in general, manage to drap behind."

IN the summer of 1861, Henry Kraft and Henry Row, two young men from Louisville, not related to each other, enlisted together in Company I, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., at Nashville, Tenn. They messed and slept together during the entire war; were side by side in every battle in which their command participated; were discharged and returned home together at the close of the war, and have worked side by side in the same shop ever since—a period of over eighteen years. At the reunion of the old brigade at Lexington, on the 5th of September last, they marched arm in arm in the procession, the only representatives of their company save one. Can the annals of either army furnish a parallel?—*Bourbon News*.

At Shelbyville, Pete Strong, a member of Company H, First Tennessee Regiment, had eaten too many mussels and parched corn, and they would not coalesce. It gave Pete the colic. Pete was grunting and groaning with the pain.

"Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!! Can't you do something for me, boys? Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!! Please heat something and put it on my stomach. Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!!"

"There is nothing here but the skillet-lid," said Fred. Dornin.

"Well, warm that just a little; it might do me some good. Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!!"

Dornin put the skillet-lid on the fire, and turned around and began talking politics, or telling about generalship or the rights of secession, or something of the kind, when Pete asked,

"Ain't that skillet-lid hot enough yet? ugh! ugh!! ugh!!!"

Dornin felt it and told Pete to get ready. He took hold of the cold part and laid the hot part on Pete's stomach—

"O-wa-wau-waugh!"

The part put upon Pete's stomach was red hot. You could have heard Pete squall for a mile and seven-eighths. It blistered Pete's stomach, and cured him of the colic. But Dornin had to be as scarce as hen's teeth around Pete for some time afterwards.

"COMPANY AVTCH."

Editorial.

THE election of Carlisle as Speaker of the Lower House of Congress is construed by many in the North as a revival of sectionalism. Is it not more appropriate to regard it as the burial of sectionalism, since it is the first time in twenty years that a Democrat living south of the Ohio has been raised to a high national position?

THE December number of the *Electra*, published in Louisville, has been received. It is just what it means to be, a monthly magazine devoted to the elevation of the youth by presenting in an attractive form literary gems, original and selected, which entertain while they improve. Publications of such a nature are so much needed that they should be more aggressive, to meet the assaults of those who seem to be trying to deprave the minds of the rising generation.

GEORGIA as usual takes the lead. She is the first to enact a law to provide with pensions, soldiers disabled in her service in the late war. Better late than never; though "never" it is with those who after a life of want and suffering have passed away. The debt due *them* it is not proposed to pay. It is earnestly hoped that other States will follow the example of Georgia. If they continue to utterly ignore the just claims of men, who were disabled in their service, the conclusion may be that their Legislatures are governed not by the men who fought, but by those who stayed at home and made money.

THE negro of to-day is very different from what he was twenty years ago. In many parts of the border States he is gradually disappearing. Statistics declare he is increasing at a greater rate than the whites, but whither the increase goes science does not say. There is no greater delusion than statistics. Nevertheless, we have the negro with us still, but he is changed. Bill and Samson are now well known by even white folks as Mr. Brown and Mr. Taylor. The children speak of their employer as "the boss" or "the man," but of the colored neighbor Harry, as Mr. Smith. There are no more uncles or grannies, but all the "niggers" are spoken of as ladies and

gentlemen. This is a sign of progress we are told. It may be so, but we would like a little retrograde movement now and then, for the sake of variety.

THE first copy of a new monthly entitled, *The Confederate Knapsack*, has been received. We rejoice to see that others are alive to the necessity of preserving the memory of our heroic period. The *Knapsack* is a spicy paper and deserves to succeed. Long may it wave.

GENERAL Gustavus W. Smith, now residing in New York, has been engaged for sometime in preparing a work to be entitled, "Confederate War Papers." They will, doubtless, shed much light upon the inside workings of the Confederate Government, as the General himself "was a considerable part" of some important chapters of Confederate history. All who wish to subscribe for the work, can send name and money to BIVOUAC, and they will be forwarded to proper address. It is necessary for him to get 500 subscribers for first edition to be able to purchase plates, and publish a large edition. Price, \$2.00.

How the Southern people managed to repair their fortunes after the war is a great mystery. In many instances, they not only kept the old homesteads, but added to them. If the truth was told, we would find that peace has greater heroes than war. To know the secret of success, which some could tell, if they chose, would be a great treasure to those who are still trying to be patient to the end. For alas! how many have fallen by the way-side, wrestling in the second greater conflict. Who knows but what the first four years struggle was but the school-master for the women of the South, to fit them for duties still more serious than those the war imposed.

Will not some one tell the story of a sweet home redeemed not only from want, but from repinings, and made bright anew with the triumphs of peaceful industry?

WE intend, hereafter, to make it a feature of the BIVOUAC to publish in each issue a picture and sketch of some distinguished soldier of the South, officer or private, whose deeds and character stand out as illustrations of the heroism of the olden days. In our next we will take up General Pat Cleburne, whose gallantry was conspicuous even in the Army of the Tennessee, but about whom so little has

been written or published, and we would be glad for any of our readers, who can do so, to furnish us at once incidents of his life, and, above all, let us know where we can obtain a good photograph of him, taken during the war. We would also be glad to have the address of any member of his family; and in this same connection we will be glad to have suggestions from our readers as to suitable persons to put in our "Gallery of Heroes."

AMONG our exchanges none has a more hearty welcome than the *Philadelphia Times*. Its "Annals of the War" are written by those who were actors in the scenes they describe, and, therefore, have a vividness in detail and narration which make them valuable contributions to history. Many of its annals are written by ex-Confederate soldiers, who have thus an opportunity to tell to Northern readers their side of the question.

MRS. FANNIE A. BEERS, of 242 Josephine Street, New Orleans, La., is the authorized agent of the BIVOUAC in that city, and is alone authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions. It will not be for sale at any of the book stores, and all applications for the magazine or for advertisements in it must be made to her.

ALL subscriptions to Volume I. of the BIVOUAC expired September 1, 1883, and all who have not paid since that time owe for Volume II., and we hope that all now in arrears will promptly remit.

MISS ELLA HUTCHINSON is the authorized agent of the BIVOUAC in Frankfort, Kentucky, and we bespeak for her the kind assistance of our friends.

FROM the accounts of some of our agents, it is amazing what great pains not a few people are taking to forget the war. It is easily seen why a man, who was busy in heaping up riches in questionable ways during the war, or if he was a deserter, an habitual shirk, or a professional refugee, should wish that part of the past wiped out. But why men who, while in the discharge of duty, as they say, during the war were constantly giving impulse to great events of history; who furnished the brains to many distinguished generals, and who broke down their constitutions leading "forlorn hopes" on the battle-field should want the war forgotten, "passeth all understanding."

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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUC.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUC is a monthly magazine, published under the auspices of the Southern Historical Society, of Louisville, Ky., and was established to preserve in book form such history and reminiscences of the war as those only who took part in it can furnish. In works now published are found accounts of the movements of armies, and the great battles of the war, made up principally from official reports. The object of the magazine is to supplement these by accounts which picture the soldier on the march, in camp, as well as in the field; his talks around the bivouac fire, foraging exploits, jokes, rations, wounds, hospital and prison life, sufferings, and his heroism and devotion to his country amid it all.

Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life, should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

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